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something more savage, more awe-striking than the shrieks of distress we had already heard. In spite of myself, so to say, I was drawn in the direction from which it seemed the sounds proceeded, and suddenly, springing from the shadows into the sickly light of the torches, I saw—not in fever, not in delirium—I saw ten, twenty, a hundred, two hundred men stark naked, gesticulating, grimacing, mouthing, laughing, shouting and dancing. . . . Yes, in truth, in fifteen degrees of frost.

"I saw these naked bodies, with bleeding faces, with large red holes gaping in their breasts, with deep jagged cuts, with long purple gashes closed with lumps of black congealed blood . . . crawling over the earth, jumping upon raw bleeding stumps, some armed with revolvers and swords, which they brandished, shouting. And making towards us, who had come to their help, but whom they did not recognize, they cried, 'Back! back!' They were mad!"

After a silence, he added:

"Some shots were fired, one of our men fell. What was to be done? We retreated. For many hours I remained with my escort at some distance from this crowd of the damned . . . their clamor rose higher still, then, little by little, it diminished . . . ceased. . . . The frenzy of their madness had sunk, the frost had gripped them, in the morning they were dead . . . in the morning all the wounded upon the plain were dead!"

He spoke again:

"The next morning I was wounded myself . . . a bullet smashed the joint of my left shoulder. . . . By a miracle I escaped death, but I don't know if I shall ever be cured. I am going to the south, where my family is. Since I saw that I don't wish to live, for my life is horrible.

"Day or night it is impossible to escape from the torture of that ghastly nightmare . . . always . . . always that bloody human trunk gnawing at my feet. And always the madmen . . . the poor fools naked and bleeding in the night. You can never know . . . And I tell you. . . . I ask myself sometimes whether I too am not going mad, whether I am not already mad!"

"I would rather have died there!"

And while in the streets of Petersburg, Moscow, Vilna, Lodz and Batoum, while in all the rebellious towns of his vast empire, the Czar is commanding the soldiers to kill his people, that is what he is making of his soldiers in Manchuria.

War.

And this is War!

The vengeful spirit of an ancient race
Clad in brave armor, wounded in its pride;
The joy of battle in its mailed face,
Driving its foemen like a rising tide
That swirls the sea-folk on the curving beach,
And leaves them stranded there to rot and bleach.

And this is War!

A peaceful highway on a sunny hill,
A file of busy ants that bravely toil
Until they meet their fellows—stop to kill,
And then march onward with the robber spoil;
When from the clouds a sudden, driving rain
Sweeps them, unheeding, to the flooded plain.

And this is War!

An eddy in the dust, a troubled pool,
A pebble in the river's mighty flow—
Man's feeble effort, like the painted fool,

To prove that he is master of the show;
While laws immutable uplift the clod
And mould him to the purposes of God!
— Robert Bridges.

The Hague Court.

The only officers of the court are the secretary general of the tribunal, corresponding somewhat to our clerk of the court, and an assistant. The president, when the court enters, makes in French the simple announcement (all present standing), "Gentlemen, the court is open," and the business proceeds. The members of the court appear in ordinary conventional dress. French is the language usually employed in the proceedings of the court, unless a different one is stipulated by the parties to a case. No case can be brought before the court at the instance of one government of its own motion against another. Both parties must agree to submit the case. Arbitrators are chosen according to a preliminary agreement between the parties, generally called a protocol. This protocol defines, among other things, the subject of the controversy and the extent of the powers of the arbitrators. Each side submits its case, or brief, with copies of all documents relied upon to prove its contentions. After a reasonable time counter cases are filed by each side. Oral argument then follows. The tribunal is simple. Its present domicile is not one of the listed "show places" at The Hague. Its location, even its existence, is hardly known to the average citizen. The hotel, as it is called, of the permanent court is on a comparatively retired residence street, 71 Prinsegracht. It is merely a spacious dwelling house, with no outward sign of its inward greatness. The double drawing rooms on the main floor are used for the court room and are not as large as our own United States Supreme Court room. The furnishings, except the chairs, are plain. The chairs are handsome and of uniform construction, and the backs are elaborately embroidered in colors with the coats of arms of the countries represented in the council. The walls are thickly covered with the portraits of the delegates of the Peace Conference and of the heads of the signatory states. The most prominent among these is that of the Czar, the father of the tribunal. Opposite the Czar hangs the full-length portrait of Wilhelmina, the charming Queen of the Netherlands, who has always shown a deep interest in the tribunal, and has extended hospitality toward it. Some day the tribunal will move into a Temple of Peace, for which Andrew Carnegie has donated \$1,500,000.—*The World's Work.*

Extravagant Naval Ideas.

Rear Admiral Melville's recent talk about the necessity of the building up of a navy that shall cost \$600,000,000 is an illustration of the tendency of men to magnify the importance of their own profession or business. In their contemplation of it they lose all sense of proportion, and fancy it is the only thing of much account in the world. Melville and Hobson are two who may be said to have navy on the brain. The country exists for the sake of the navy. They would probably state it in other terms—that without a great navy the country cannot exist. The past refutes them. It is not necessary to take such persons as seriously as